

MADEMOISELLE MISS REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF LETTERS FROM NURSE IN FRANCE

WHO CAN BE KINGLY IN FORGIVING HIS OPPRESSORS

Chaplain's Touching Story of Albert of Belgium—More About the Goody-Good Girl

War on, loyal Americans cannot on exactly amicable terms with...

Vyvettes



A narrow band of straw holds down the front of this hat, to keep it at a proper angle.

viduals take it upon themselves to thrust their views on their associates with such forcefulness that the result is—not reform, but antagonism.

THIS evening's paper you talked of the "sanctimonious girl," writes "The subject particularly appealed to me, for I know several cases of girls who could be so lovable if they had not developed this trait to an abnormal degree.

do not wish to decry goodness in any girl who does not approve of a bridge for money, of drinking, of smoking, sets a splendid example, and we would all do well to follow.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper only and signed with the name of the writer.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. Is it correct to use "R. S. V. P." on dinner invitations?
2. In writing a letter should one ever use the phrase, "respectfully yours" at the end?
3. What color paper should be used for formal written or engraved invitations?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. A person is most susceptible to colds when tired.
2. A warm (not hot) bath is most soothing to tired nerves.
3. Ten seconds is sufficient length of time to remain in a cold bath.

Fish Dinner in Pink

Dear Madam—At a home wedding, how should the bride enter the living room, where the ceremony is to take place?

Wedding Procession

Dear Madam—At a home wedding, how should the bride enter the living room, where the ceremony is to take place?

Cafe au Lait

Dear Madam—What is cafe au lait and how is it made?

Griddle Cakes From Cereal

Dear Madam—Can you tell me how to make griddle cakes, using cold left-over cereal?

Reliable Fudge Recipe

Dear Madam—Please give me a good fudge recipe. I like the one in the "Woman's Exchange" but it is too complicated.

Walnut Croquettes

Dear Madam—Included in a recipe for walnut croquettes is the instruction to use small cubes of butter. How should these be prepared?

Menu for Supper

Dear Madam—Please give me a menu for supper for four people. I have no special preferences.

Mademoiselle Miss

Letters from an American girl serving with the rank of lieutenant in a French army hospital at the front.

"MADEMOISELLE MISS," as her soldiers call her, is the daughter of an ex-medical director of the United States navy.

Accepted as a helper in a small French hospital on the Riviera, she later served in an English hospital at Mentone.

These letters, written in the heat of action, "for one and for one only," have met with a warm response among many sympathetic readers.

I SHOULD like to give you a history of those two last eventful days in Paris from my sudden summons on Thursday to my departure from the solemn metropolis on Sunday at noon.

But oh, I can't express what it means to hear the guns for the first time! It is a sensation so vast and lonely and crowded and cosmic all at once that one seems born into a new phase of existence where the old ways of feeling things do not answer any longer.

I am lodged with rank of lieutenant in a splendid big room overlooking a bright garden with dear old women to take care of me, and they promise to give me hot water every night, and lots of cold water in the morning, obeying the law of hospitality to satisfy wants they do not understand.

I seize the shining moment this golden afternoon while they finish putting the roof on this new hospital. The wounded may arrive in two days, and tomorrow we shall be tremendously busy with beds and compresses.

This morning with four others I drove out over the surrounding battlefields smiling and lovely in the warm autumn sun.

At 1—, where the Church of St. Martin is roofless and gutted, statues, columns, everything prone and shattered, the statue of St. Martin himself, above whose high altar stood, remains untouched, with not so much as the gilt of his robe blackened.

I have installed the whole place, from base-boards up, as a very up-to-date looking operating room, sterilized, ticketed, and in the night, and I have toddled home from my supper of meat and beans that taste so good off a tin plate, to put in as much sleep as I can get before the orderly comes to wake me, and incidentally my old dames, who will scurry around in their nightcaps and get cold feet, I'm afraid. I can't let you go longer without news, even if the letter is held up by the sanitary trains, or by those 23,000 valid prisoners we've taken in the last few days who must be transported south.

I have arranged, however, that my ward shall have the elemental luxuries, I have made washcloths for every bed in my barracks, and there shall be a towel for each man, or I shall go undried. Also I asked the Head Surgeon for frames on which to tack burlap, for certain beds must be screened. He thought me rather exacting

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What was infinitely comforting, and proof that all wounds heal with time, was the sight of various new little shacks, everywhere planted upon the ruins, with vines already beginning to grow about the doorsteps, and old women knitting in the sun. They had crept back after the flight of the Germans—a kind of human moss to soften the scars.

September 28, 1915.

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PATSY KILDARE, OUTLAW

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

ITS no fun when your mother is dead I like mine is and when your father watches nights. I sat on the edge of my bed this morning and wished I was a dog, because Rowdy feels the same all the time, and though he had a father and a mother, he doesn't care because they're gone.

When I got home I took some money out of my father's pocket and got some peaches and some lemons and some candy and some cakes and made some lemonade and ate the peaches and the candy and the cakes and drank the lemonade and made a pretty good dinner. It was hot outside and everybody was taking a nap and there wasn't a thing to do. So we went for a ramble down to the railroad track and watched the trains go by. I pretended that I knew where the trains were going, and it was a lot of fun.

Next time I went home the peaches were mixed and waiting and my father had gone watching. After that we rambled and went to the park. I heard music playing, and the first thing I knew there was the band playing in the park and people and children were there and everybody was happy. I watched the kids go to the fountain for a drink and I thought maybe some of them would like to play with me, so every time any of them went to get a drink I went and drank, too, but nobody played with me, so I nearly drowned myself drinking.

A lady said: "See that little girl. She looks as if she wanted to cry because she's got no little girl to play with." I said: "No, ma'am, far be it from so. I don't want to cry, for I am having the time of my life." She said: "How old are you?" I said: "Six." Then another woman said: "Don't fool with her. That's Patsy Kildare that I was telling you about, and she roams the streets all night with that awful dog." Then the lady said, "I should think her mother would turn over in her grave." The other lady said, "She needs a good spanking!"

Just then a boy popped me on the bare leg with his handkerchief, and it hurt, and I popped him on the nose with my fist, and came home feeling better. I shall go to the park again. I wouldn't mind going to sleep if it was not for waking up to pancakes.

The lady went and put flowers on my mother's grave and said that I had taught her a lesson and that she was not going to feel bad any more, which is a good thing. Then it was time to go swimming and we did. I can kick along with one foot on the

A lady came and said, "What are you doing, little girl?" I said, "I am measuring this grave. It is certainly a dandy little grave." She said, "That is my little girl's grave." I said, "You ought to be glad, for she is certainly a lucky little girl." She said, "Lucky!" And I said, "Of course, she is in heaven and has lots of angels to play with. Suppose you had gone to heaven and left her here like my mother left me. That's her grave over there."

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The next adventure of Patsy Kildare will appear in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

Advertisement for Blaylock & Blynn, Inc. featuring 'Appealing Styles and Known Quality at Blaylock & Blynn Millinery, Dresses and Coats, Apparel for Sports Wear'. Includes an illustration of a woman in a dress and the address 1528 Chestnut St.

Some Words of Thanks Covering 34 Years of Business And the Territory of Four States

It's a long record and it's one we're very proud of—thirty-four years of hustling endeavor and continuous effort; strenuous, but pleasurable work. And now we're going to merge with the other chain-store systems into the American Stores Company

which will be the largest retail food-distributing agency covering Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland—an effective step toward keeping down the high and rising cost of living.

"Words are but empty thanks"

—and yet we must turn to them in trying to express our full appreciation of the magnificent support given our house during this long term of years. That our common-sense grocery selling has appealed to the thoughtful and thrifty is proved by its wide-spread acceptance; and we look for a continuation of that same trust and confidence now and in the years to come.

The business will now grow better because it has grown larger; and every effort will be thrown into it to bring efficiency to the very highest point. We extend our hearty thanks to all our customer-friends; and again ask for a continuance, in the newly organized business, of that gratifying approval which has been so long and abundantly showered upon us.

CHILDS & COMPANY

Advertisement for 'THE CHEERFUL CHERUB' featuring a cartoon character and the text 'Treat the world just like a friend. Never stand apart. Always feel the love of life. Blooming in your heart.'

Advertisement for 'FRANKLIN SUGAR' featuring an illustration of a sugar box and the text 'Old-fashioned Molasses Taffy! Nourishing—energizing—good. A Franklin Sugar for every use.'

New Types in Buckle Pumps

Original creations of utmost practicability. Black calf, \$5 and \$5.50, Russia calf and colors, \$5.50 to \$8.



The different heel heights, the many shapes and fittings in stock, make it possible for these two big shops to give you an unusual shoe service, with economy an ever first consideration.

The Harper Shoe Co. WALK-OVER SHOPS

Remedy for Aching Feet

Dear Madam—I would like to know if you could get me, through the Woman's Exchange, a cure for aching feet. I have a pain on the lower toe; the joint is red and I have no relief from pain. I cannot even sit down anywhere in peace. I just have to jerk my feet all the time. It hurts so. It is always red and swells almost all the time. I never did or do wear high-heeled shoes. I never did or do wear high-heeled or narrow-toed shoes and when I do wear comfortable shoes they go along so comfortably in them. I have tried many things and have not found a cure. I just cannot get any relief. My feet hurt too much, and I get tired making shoes.

The best thing for you to do would be to get a pair of shoes made for you. I have seen a pair made for a woman and she was very comfortable in them. I have seen a pair made for a woman and she was very comfortable in them.